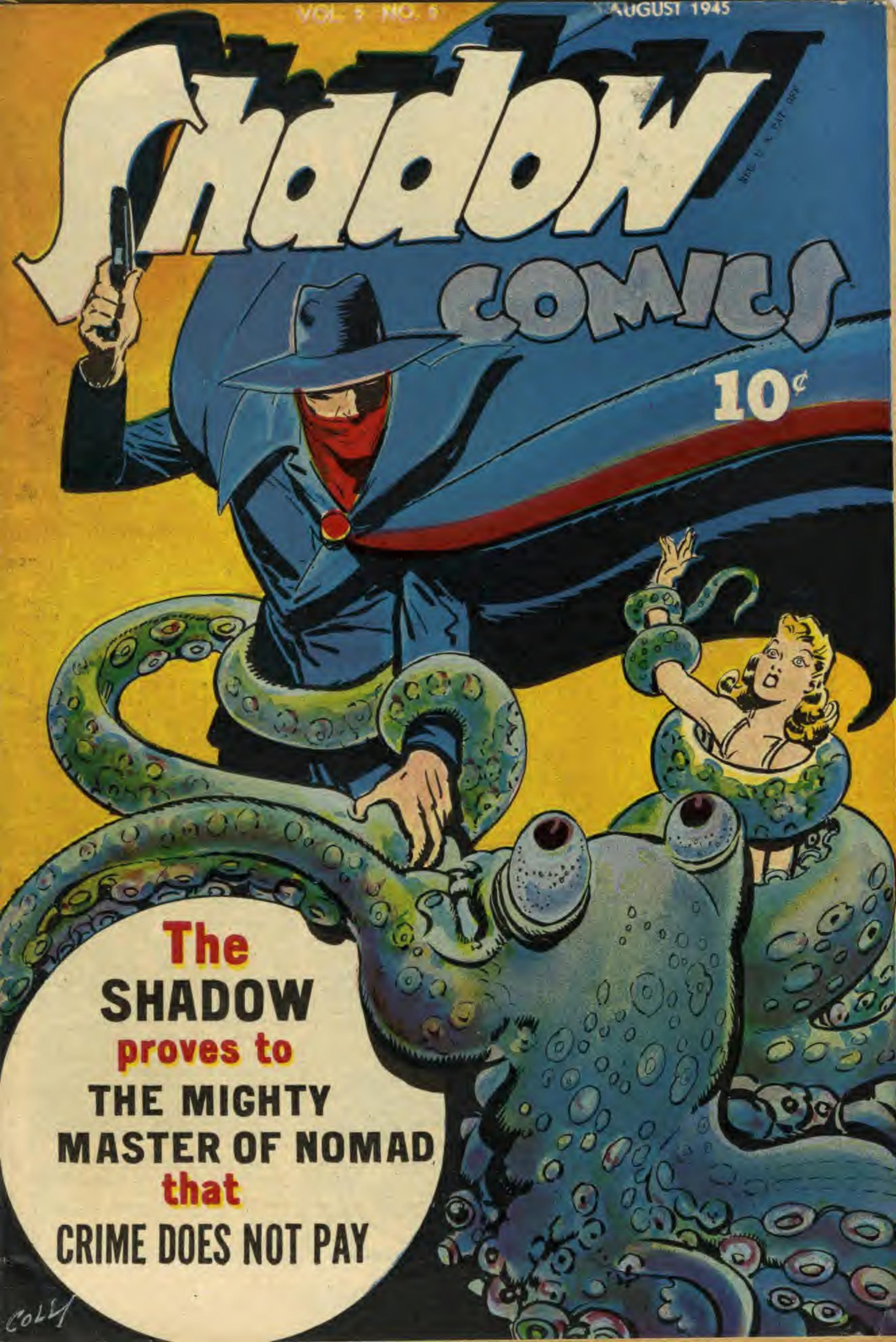


VOL. 5 NO. 8

AUGUST 1945

# The Shadow Comics

10¢



The  
**SHADOW**  
proves to  
**THE MIGHTY**  
**MASTER OF NOMAD**  
that  
**CRIME DOES NOT PAY**

COLV



DALE EVANS, Republic star of "Yellow Rose of Texas"

IF YOU CAN DO THIS  
STEP — YOU CAN  
DANCE IN 5 DAYS



Illustration shows first basic step. This is an example of how the exciting book "Dancing" can quickly teach you to be a smooth, graceful dancer. Chock full of easy-to-follow diagrams like this—with simple, understandable text, this book is destined to be one of your most prized possessions.

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#### EASY-TO-FOLLOW LESSONS!

This sensational new book can teach you to dance, help you to learn the latest steps, quickly, easily, in the privacy of your own home! Not a correspondence course—not a series of expensive and complicated lessons, but a revolutionary book on Dancing that offers a short-cut to anyone who wants to learn to dance the modern way! Written by Betty Lee, one of America's foremost

dancing authorities, it will teach you the fundamentals of dancing in a few thrilling hours... give you the grace and assurance of an accomplished dancer in as little as 5 days.

#### MAKE THIS TEST!

Don't let another day go by without sending for this amazing book that has already taught thousands of men and women to dance. It's packed full of easy-to-understand diagrams and explains in clear, simple language, how to do the Jitterbug, Rhumba, Conga, Samba and other exciting new dances that are sweeping the country, besides the ever-popular Waltz, Fox Trot, and many old-time favorites. Surprise your friends by knowing how to do all the latest steps. Resolve now, never again to refuse an invitation because you can't dance. If you really want to know how to dance and will act now, we'll send you as a gift, 2 additional books free of any extra charge, "Tip Top Tapping" and "Swing Steps." Simply send the coupon for your copy of "Dancing," by Betty Lee. Pay postman when *All Three Books* are delivered. Then follow instructions by practicing the simple easy lessons each day. And remember—if not satisfied with results in 5 days you may return the book and your money will be refunded.

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#### MAIL COUPON TODAY!

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1790 Broadway, Dept. 83611, New York 19, N.Y.

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I enclose \$1.98. Ship postage prepaid. If in 5 days I do not learn to dance, I may return the book and you will refund purchase price.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_



# The Shadow Meets REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. DAMON THE NOMAD and his Unseen Horrors!!!



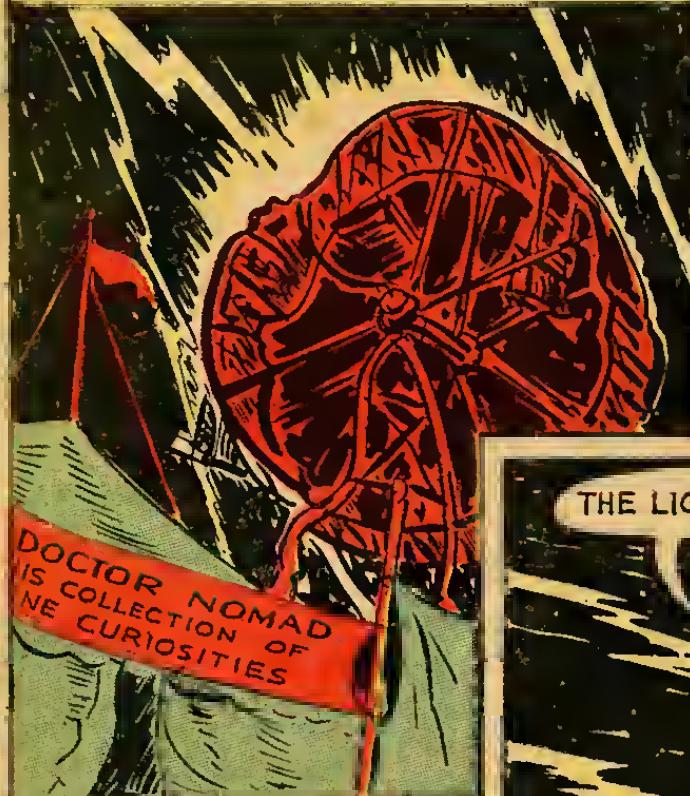
DAMON THE NOMAD  
MIGHTY MASTER OF THE MONAD,  
BEGINS A CAREER OF SUPERCRIME  
THAT CAN BE STOPPED ONLY BY  
**THE SHADOW!!!**  
OR CAN IT?  
READ AND LEARN!!!!

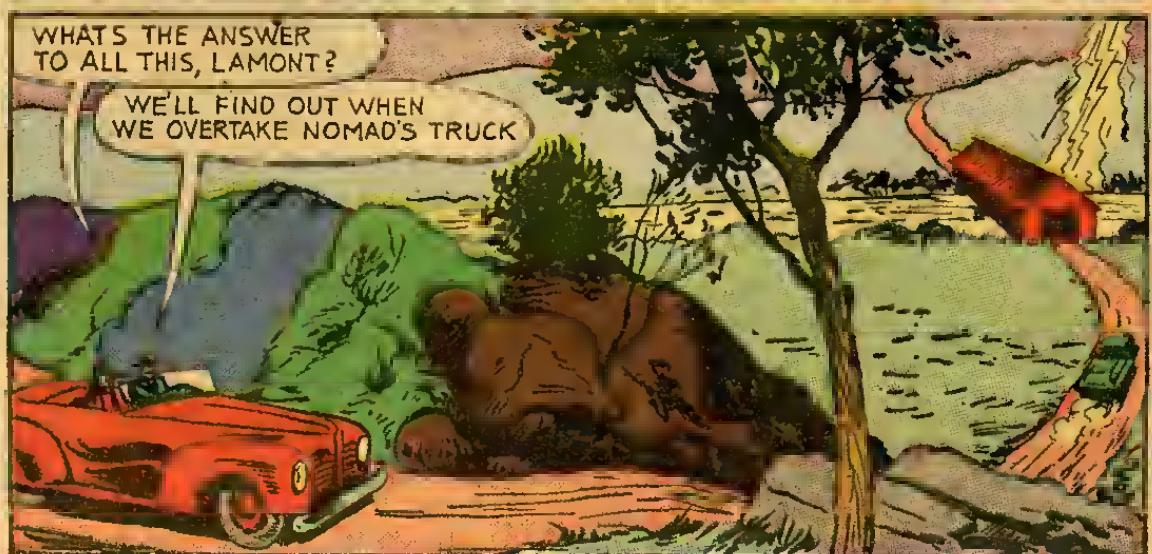
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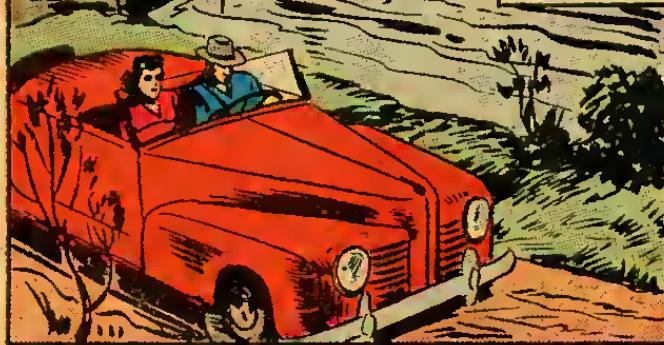
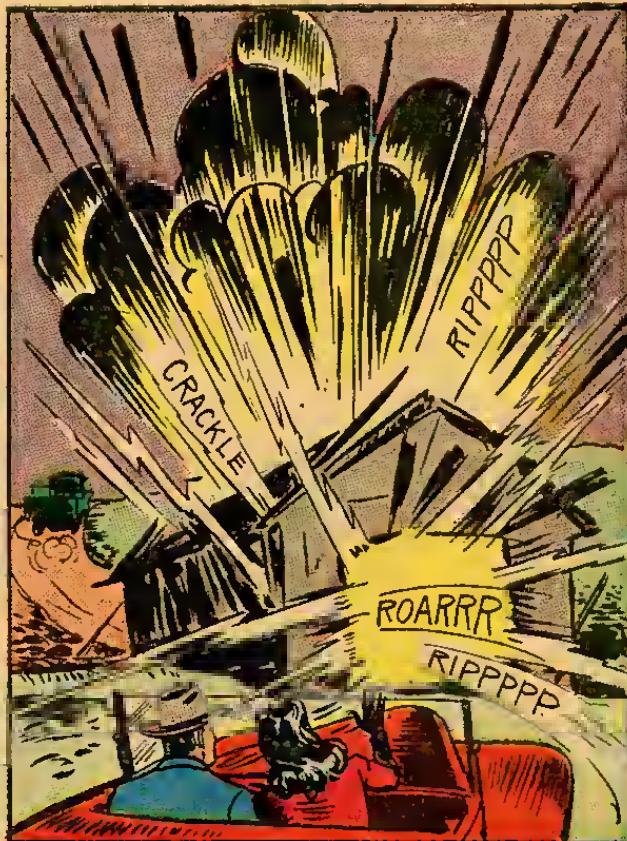
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JUST THEN LIGHTNING STRIKES —



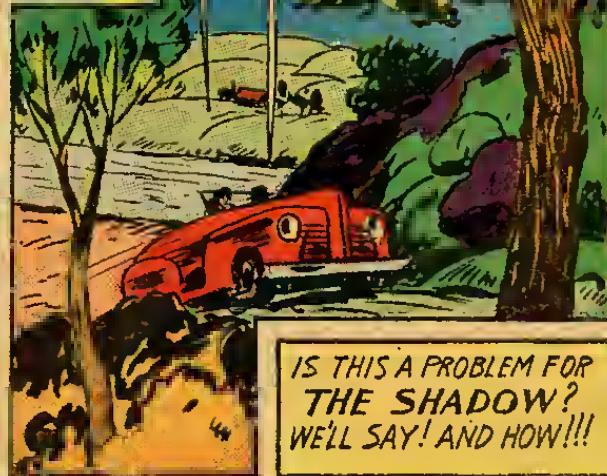




YOU MEAN THAT DOCTOR NOMAD  
HAS SOME SYSTEM OF HURLING  
ARTIFICIAL LIGHTNING?

SOMETHING MORE INSIDIOUS  
THAN THAT, MARGO! UNLESS  
WE CAN LEARN WHERE THE  
TRUCK WENT, THERE IS NO  
TELLING WHAT NOMAD  
MAY UNLEASH!

BECAUSE THE LIGHTNING CAME FROM  
SOMETHING IN THE TRUCK JUST AS  
THOSE EARLIER STROKES CAME FROM  
SOMETHING IN THE CARNIVAL TENT!



IS THIS A PROBLEM FOR  
THE SHADOW?  
WE'LL SAY! AND HOW!!!

# The MIDDLEWOOD GAZETTE

**LIGHTNING DESTROYS  
AQUARIUM**  
Two Dead and Four Missing  
**ANOTHER STROKE  
SHATTERS BRIDGE**

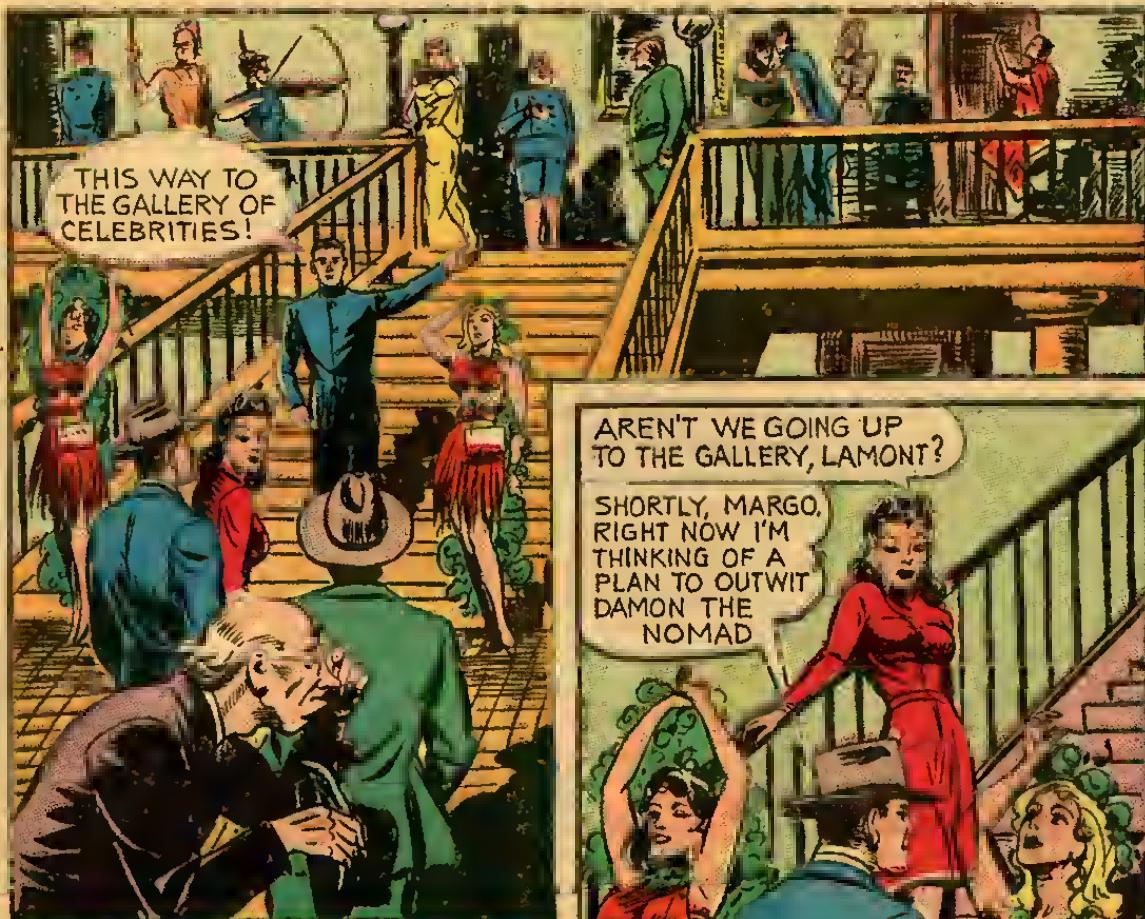
BUT WHY DOES NOMAD GO AROUND HURLING LIGHTNING EVERYWHERE? HE DID IT BEFORE—OTHERWISE YOU WOULDN'T HAVE GONE TO THE CARNIVAL IN THE FIRST PLACE!

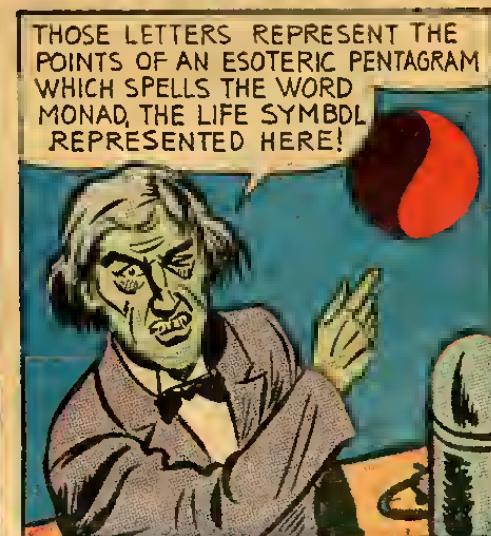
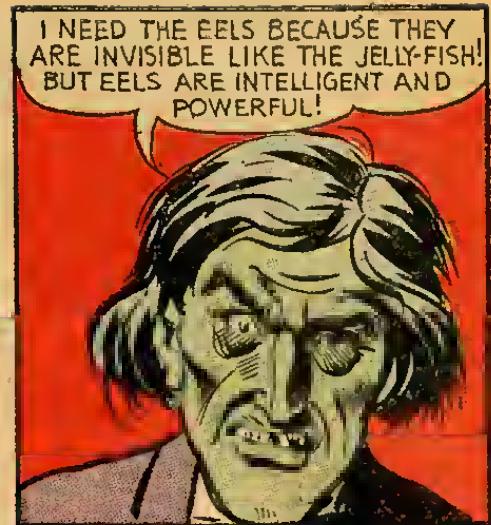
WE MUST LEARN MORE ABOUT NOMAD, MARGO. LET'S SEE IF THAT NEWSPAPER HOLDS ANY CLUE!

LOOK AT THIS NEWSPAPER, LAMONT! THEY STILL THINK SOMETHING HAPPENED TO NOMAD

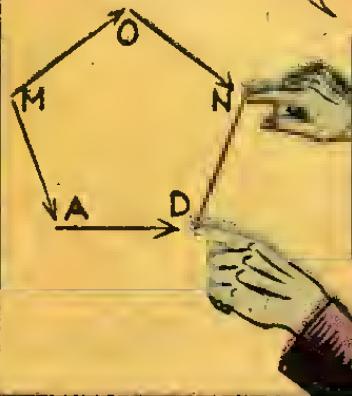
I'M MORE INTERESTED IN THIS MAP, MARGO. WE NARROWED DOWN THE HUNT AND I'M SURE NOMAD MUST BE RIGHT HERE IN MIDDLEWOOD!







READING FIRST THE TOP  
AND THEN THE BOTTOM  
ROW, THE PENTAGRAM SAYS  
MONAD



READ AROUND THIS WAY,  
IT SPELLS NOMAD



AND THIS WAY IT SPELLS  
DAMON



THANKS FOR EXPLAINING  
ALL THIS, DOC. BUT WHAT  
ARE YOU GOING TO DO  
WITH THE MONSTERS?

I SHALL  
USE THEM IN  
SCHEMES OF  
CRIME!



SOUNDS SWELL,  
DOC - BUT WON'T  
THAT PUT YOU IN  
WRONG WITH  
THE SHADOW?

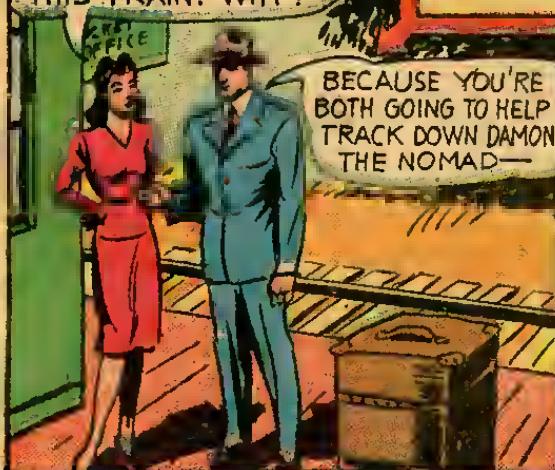


'WHO CARES!' BY MY  
CALCULATIONS MY  
CREATURES WILL BE  
TWICE AS INVISIBLE AS  
THE SHADOW AND  
THEREFORE CAPABLE OF  
DEFEATING HIM!



SO YOU WIRED VALDA  
AND SHE'S COMING ON  
THIS TRAIN. WHY?

WHILE THIS GOES ON  
LAMONT CRANSTON, OTHER-  
WISE THE SHADOW,  
FORMS HIS OWN PLANS  
ALL UNSUSPECTING OF  
DAMON'S HEINOUS SCHEMES!



BECAUSE YOU'RE  
BOTH GOING TO HELP  
TRACK DOWN DAMON  
THE NOMAD

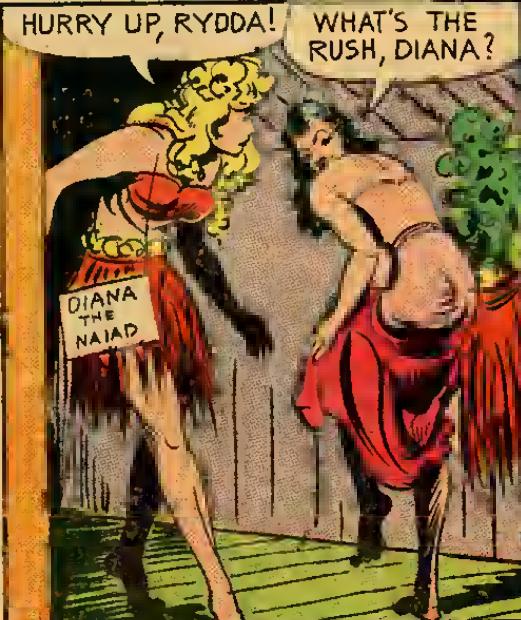
BY TAKING THE PLACES OF  
THE WAX NAIAD AND DRYAD,  
SO YOU CAN CHECK WHAT  
HAPPENS WHEN THE MUSEUM  
CLOSES!



AND SO - TWO CUSTOMERS VISIT THE  
WAX-WORKS --

THERE GOES THE  
CLOSING BELL!

DONG!! GOODY!



WE HAVE ALL NIGHT TO LOOK AROUND  
THE MUSEUM, HAVEN'T WE?

YES BUT THE SOONER  
WE FIND OUT ABOUT  
DAMON THE  
BETTER



COME ON! LETS  
SWITCH INTO THESE  
COSTUMES FAST!

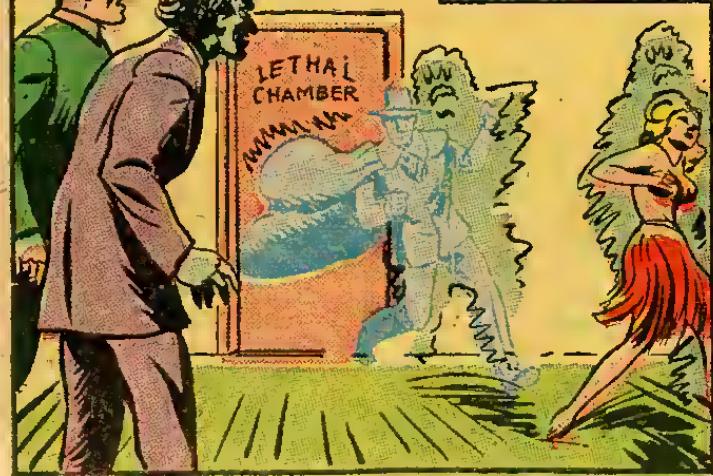
THERE'S A STORE ROOM  
UNDER THE STAIRWAY.  
WE'LL LEAVE THE DUMMIES  
THERE!



WAIT MARGO! THERE FINE! LET'S  
GOES ONE OF THE FOLLOW HIM  
ATTENDANTS! AND SEE IF  
WE FIND DAMON







WHILE DAMON THE NOMAD GLOATS OVER THE SHADOW'S HOPELESS DILEMMA, THE SHADOW IN HIS TURN FINDS A WAY TO TURN THE MONSTROUS TIDE!!

THEY'RE GETTING WEAKER ALREADY

OF COURSE! THE MONSTERS HAVE ENOUGH ELECTRICITY TO PARALYZE THEIR VICTIMS—AND THAT APPLIES TO THE SHADOW!

HERE COMES THE GAS—AND THE MONSTER IS TURNING GREEN-EYED ALREADY!



QUICK! TURN OFF THE GAS! IT'S MADE THE MONSTERS VISIBLE!



THESE MONSTERS ARE SOFTIES ONCE YOU CAN SEE THEM!

SOMETHING CERTAINLY HIT THAT MONSTER LIKE A CYCLONE!





NURSES  
ARE  
NEEDED!

ENLIST **NOW!**

# NICK CARTER

Presenting.. Death!

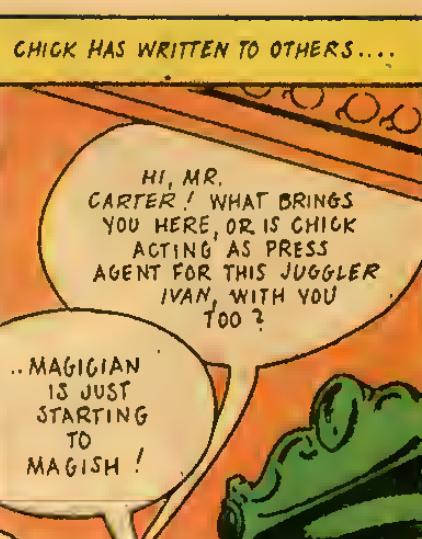
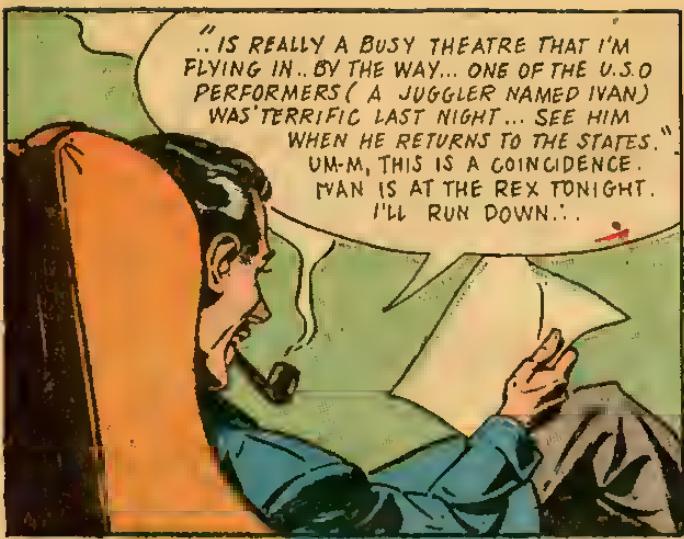


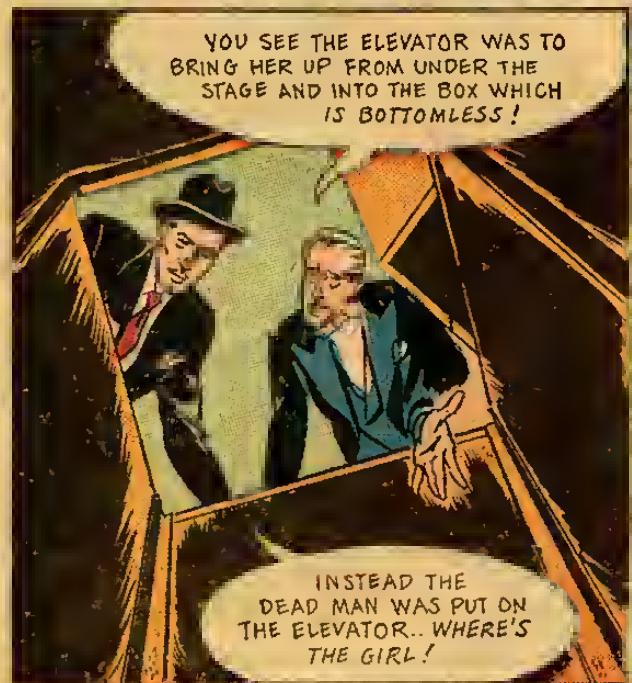
V-MAIL FOR NICK CARTER .....

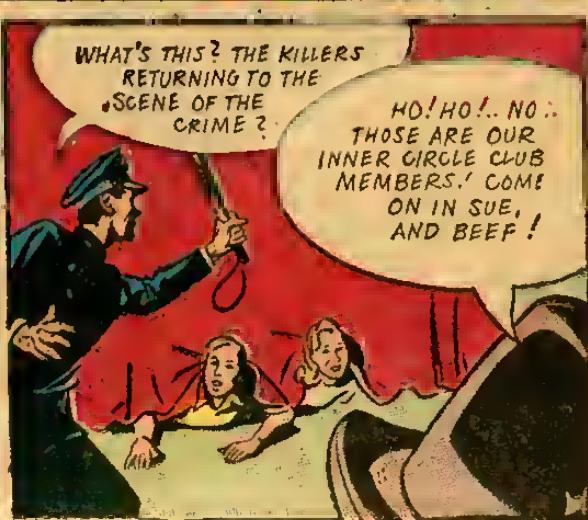
5 TOP ACTS  
OF VAUDEVILLE, SONGS  
DANCES, MAGIC  
JUGGLING AND THE  
ONE ACT THAT  
WASN'T LISTED  
ON THE BILL...  
•DEATH!

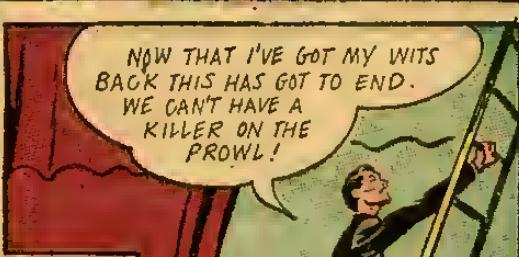
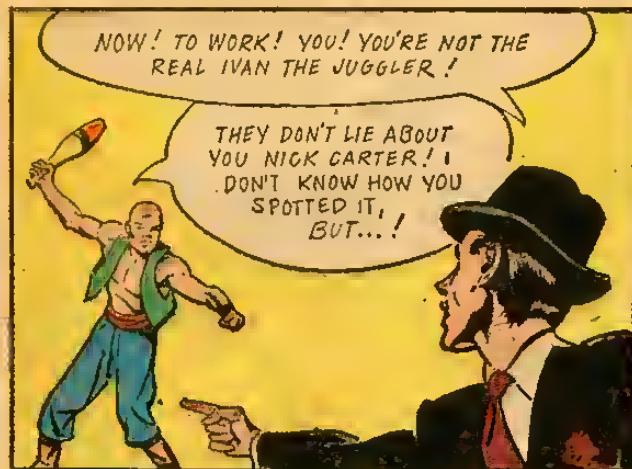
I'D BETTER KEEP MY  
FINGERS CROSSED NOW THAT CHICK  
IS OVERSEAS, BUT LET'S SEE  
WHAT HE HAS TO SAY ... "HI NICK...  
... I'M STILL ALL IN ONE  
PIECE, THIS."

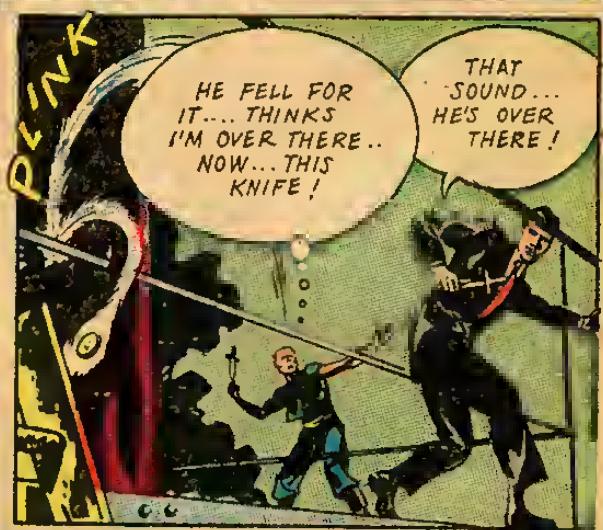
















**BE PATRIOTIC!**  
**SAVE EVERY**  
**SCRAP**  
**OF PAPER**  
**AND**  
**WE'LL WIN**  
**THIS SCRAP!!**



# INNER CIRCLE



## THE SKULL ON THE WINDOW!!!

"Mr. Carter, you promised a long while ago to tell us a story that had a very intriguing title," said Sue.

"What was that?" asked Nick. The occasion was the monthly meeting of the Inner Circle which had been started by Nick's foster son, Chick, and was being carried on by Nick while Chick was serving his country in the Air Force.

"The title, and it's always stuck in my mind, was, the Skull on the Window!" said Sue.

Nick smiled. "Oh, that. Yes. I remember. The name should have been the skull on the window sill. How about it, would you all like me to tell that one?"

The roar of assent from the members made Nick smile again. "I can see there are no two ways about it. Here goes, then. It was a wicked night that it all began. The snow was more like hail. It penetrated right through your clothes. I felt very sorry for myself even having to be out on such a beastly night. A phone call had roused me from my warm bed. I hurried out and needless to say on such a night there were no cabs. I had to walk.

"The call had been from a neighbor of a client of mine. I wasn't quite sure what had happened. When I reached the neighbor's house, he was waiting at the window for me.

I hurried in to the warmth of his place and he, his name was Beaufort, said, 'Am I glad you came!'

"I waited," Nick said. "Beaufort was upset. As I stayed calm, he got more excited. He said, 'I'm sure something's wrong with Smithers!'

"Smithers was the name of my client. I waited again and Beaufort went on. 'Not long ago I looked out of my back window, it faces Smithers' house.' He paused again.

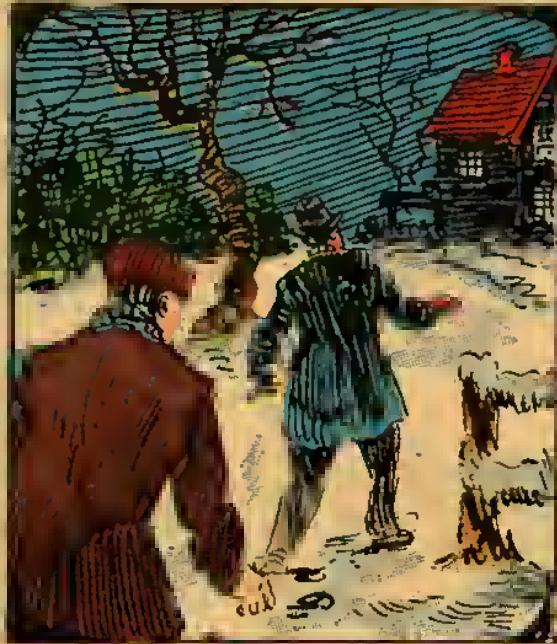
"I cued him, 'Yes?' He said, 'Gulp, there's a—a skull on his window! It has shining eyes that glisten in the night! I can see it from my window!'

"Well, that was a poser. He accompanied me out of the house and across his back yard. We stood outside Smithers' house and I rang the bell. There was no answer. I couldn't imagine what in the world the skull had been doing on the sill. I didn't see it at that time as it was around in a window in the back of the house. The two houses, Beaufort's and Smithers' were about three hundred yards apart. I rang the bell again. Still no answer. I figured it was no time for half measures so with no more ado, I picked the lock. The door swung open and—silence greeted us."

The members of the Inner Circle were all attention.

Nick went on. "I lead the way. Beaufort

was not at all happy about the situation. He clung to my shadow. He followed me as we went through the silent rooms. Upstairs, we found Smithers, stretched out on the floor next to an open window. He was stiff and dead. Through the open window, snow drifted in on silent feet. It covered his head. Above him, on the window sill, was the skull that had attracted Beaufort's attention. It was life size. Whipping out



a handkerchief, I used the cloth to pick up the skull. As I turned it around to look at it, jeweled eyes glittered in the murder room.

"The skull was the size of a human one. Set in the gaping sockets were two diamonds. These were what glittered and sparkled. The eyes looked like live things." Nick paused, then said, "In a way, the skull spoke to me, for it was the skull that told me who the killer of my client was!"

Beef looked puzzled at Nick's statement but for a change said nothing. Sue seemed to know what Nick meant for she had the satisfied look of the cat that ate the canary, as Nick picked up the thread of narrative.

"I called out louder than I had before. In the other part of the house I heard footsteps. It was an aged servant, almost deaf. He hustled in at a rate that would have beaten a slow snail and said querulously, 'Here, here, what is it? Ohhh—Mr. Smithers! He's—dead! What are you two doing!'

I'll call the pol—'

"I stopped him with a wave of my hand," said Nick, "and asked him when he'd seen his master last."

Nick had a drink of water. "The servant figured that it'd been all of three hours since he'd served dinner. He hadn't seen Smithers since. When I prodded his slow memory, he thought that perhaps he'd heard a muffled thump about an hour ago."

Beef said, "The thump was the dead man's body hitting the floor, I'll bet!"

Nick nodded. "That was what I figured, too. The snow hadn't started to fall till a half an hour ago. I looked out the window. Sure enough there were no footprints in the snow. The murderer, if he had left the house, had left before the snow started to fall. I held the skull up and asked the servant what he knew about it. He didn't look at all surprised. It seemed it was just a curio that Smithers had picked up in Mexico. The servant had no idea how the skull came to be in the window, but he said that



Smithers always liked to show it to company.

"That seemed to indicate that whoever had stabbed Smithers had been a friend of his. He had felt enough at ease to show the intruder his curio. I filed that away in the back of my mind and started to look around the room more carefully.

"Look as hard as I could, there were no clues. Nothing in the world to indicate who had committed murder . . . nothing

but the testimony of the skull, left carelessly in the window."

Beef, ramming a handful of candy in his mouth looked thoughtful. He finally cleared his throat and asked, "I don't get it at all. You were able to solve the case with no other clue except that of the skull?"

"Yep," said Nick. "It was all there for me to interpret. Just as it is for all of you. I can see that Sue has spotted what I did. Have any of you others got an idea?"

Silence was his answer. They were all wracking their brains, particularly the boy members of the Inner Circle, because they didn't like the idea of Sue beating them to the solution. But it got them nowhere. The skull didn't speak for them!

"I can see that the problem has you licked. I'll give you some information that may help. When I say that the skull helped me to catch the killer, I don't mean that it was enough proof to convict, it was just that the skull told me who the killer was, then I had to dig out the motive and make the noose stick. Now does that help any?"

"I can take a hint," smiled Nick. "O.K. from the lead the skull gave me, on the following day, I made some queries about Smithers' business affairs. I questioned his employees. I looked up his bank balance. I sent out a few telegrams. When I had collated all the dope I had, I was sure that the skull had told the truth.

"Therefore, the following night, accompanied by two members of the Homicide Squad, I trudged through the snow and again knocked on Beaufort's door.

"He seemed a little surprised to see me. He was even more surprised when I nodded at him and one of the detectives whipped out a pair of handcuffs. Beaufort was ready to fight for a moment but then he shrugged and said, 'I can't imagine what this is all about, but maybe there is some reason for this insanity! If there isn't, I shall sue for false arrest!'

"The detectives were impressed by his seeming ignorance of what was going on but I disregarded it. I said, 'You managed very nicely up to a point, Beaufort. I did a little snooping today and found out that you were the silent partner in Smithers' business. I found out, too, that Smithers was robbing

you blind. But all that doesn't excuse you from killing him when you had a fight last night. Only one thing puzzles me. Why did you call me? And why for such a peculiar reason? I can only see one answer. You wanted someone there to see that he had died before twelve o'clock when your contract with him expired. With his death the contract is automatically renewed."

"You couldn't just call the police and say, I think Smithers is dead because that would have given you away. Instead you



called me and told me that yarn about seeing the skull!"

Nick paused. "It was strange to see the man crumple the way he did. I had hit the nail on the head. One of the detectives asked, about the skull. I told him about Beaufort telling me he had seen the skull on the window."

Beef couldn't stand it any longer. "Well, what about the skull? How did it speak to you? What did it say?"

Nick smiled. "It said, 'look at me. I am only ten inches high—and yet Beaufort claimed he could see me across three hundred yards on a snowy night!' Then the skull said, 'Beaufort is a liar! No one could see me under those conditions!'"

Sue smiled at Beef. Beef did not look happy. He said, "Of all things! Why didn't I spot that?"



TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE:

Your sons, husbands and brothers who are standing today upon the battlefronts are fighting for more than victory in war. They are fighting for a new world of freedom and peace.

We, upon whom has been placed the responsibility of leading the American forces, appeal to you with all possible earnestness to invest in War Bonds to the fullest extent of your capacity.

Give us not only the needed implements of war, but the assurance and backing of a united people so necessary to hasten the victory and speed the return of your fighting men.

*General William S. Doud  
Adj. Gen. Air Fighting  
Dwight Eisenhower C.W. Nimitz  
H. K. Allen*

**MAKE THIS HIS LUCKY SEVENTH  
- BUY A BOND TODAY -**

# THE GHOST ARTIST IN STUDIO B

ANOTHER THRILLING  
NEWSPAPER STORY OF 'BING'  
DALGREN, FAMOUS REPORTER OF  
THE TIMES-NEWS  
STORY AND PICTURES BY THORNTON FISHER



JOSEPH STANWARD WAS RECOGNIZED AS ONE OF THE GREAT PAINTERS OF THIS COUNTRY—MANY OF THE ULTRA WEALTHY WERE HIS EAGER PATRONS, BUYING HIS ART FOR FABULOUS PRICES—NUMEROUS ART GALLERIES EXHIBITED HIS BRILLIANT WORK—HE WAS CONSTANTLY LIONIZED BY EXCLUSIVE SOCIETY AND WAS A WELCOME GUEST WHEREVER HE CHOSE TO GO—



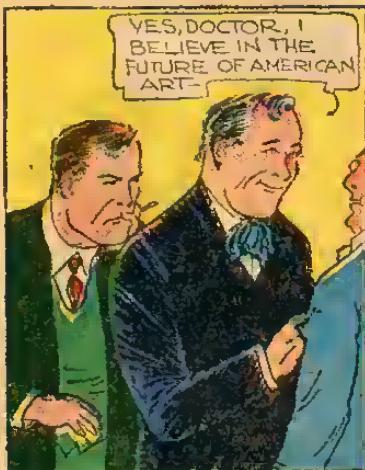
ART CRITICS (PROFESSIONAL ONES) EXALTED HIS WORK AS POSSESSING A SPIRIT, A PECULIAR MOOD OF ITS OWN—THEY DECLARED HE WAS IN A CLASS BY HIMSELF—HIS SPACIOUS STUDIO WAS ON THE TOP FLOOR OF A BUILDING KNOWN FOR ITS DISTINGUISHED TENANTS—



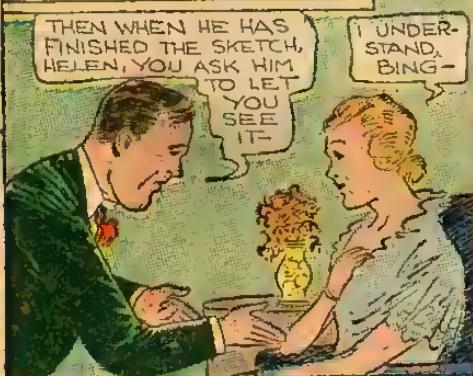
HERE STANWARD FREQUENTLY HELD LEVEES FOR HIS PATRONS, POTENTIAL PATRONS AND OTHERS HIGH IN THE SOCIAL ATMOSPHERE OF THE CITY—HE NEVER LOST SIGHT OF THE COMMERCIAL ASPECT OF HIS ART—ON THE AFTERNOON OF FEBRUARY 22, 1934, BING DALGREN DECIDED TO ATTEND ONE OF THESE LEVEES



MANY NOTED PEOPLE WERE THERE—THEY GAZED ADMIRINGLY AT THE LARGE PAINTINGS—SOME BEGGED THE PRIVILEGE OF BUYING THEM—OTHERS REQUESTED AUTOGRAPHS—DALGREN DETERMINED TO DO A STORY ABOUT STANWARD—AND WHAT A STORY IT TURNED OUT TO BE—



THE FOLLOWING WEEK A STANWARD EXHIBITION WAS HELD IN ONE OF NEW YORK'S LEADING ART GALLERIES — THE PUBLIC THRONGED THERE — DALGREN ATTENDED, TOO — STANWARD WAS PRESENT THE FIRST DAY — WITH KEEN PERCEPTION DALGREN BEGAN TO STUDY THE MAN —



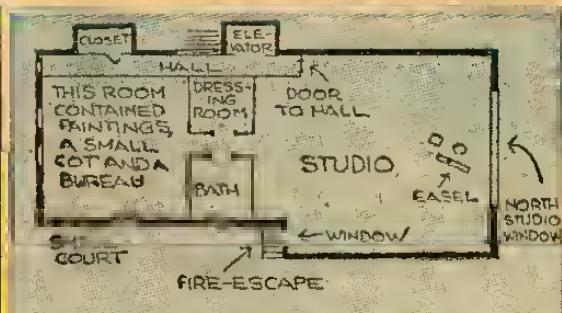
HE CONFIDED TO A PROFESSIONAL MODEL WHOSE FACE AND FIGURE ADORNED MAGAZINE COVERS AND FASHION ADVERTISEMENTS — HAVING WON THE CONFIDENCE OF STANWARD THE ARTIST WAS DELIGHTED TO HAVE THIS MODEL "SIT" FOR HIM —



ON THE APPOINTED DAY THE MODEL APPEARED AND POSED FOR HIM — AS SOON AS HE HAD FINISHED THE FIRST "ROUGHING IN" THE MODEL ASKED IF SHE MIGHT SEE HIS SKETCH — STANWARD, HOWEVER, LOWERED A DRAPE OVER THE PICTURE — NONE OF HIS MODELS COULD SEE A PAINTING UNTIL IT WAS COMPLETED — IT WAS JUST A WHIM OF HIS — "BAD LUCK, YOU KNOW" —



LEARNING OF THIS PECCULAR "WHIM" DALGREN BEGAN TO LAY PLANS — HIS SUSPICIONS MIGHT LEAD NOWHERE BUT A NEWSPAPERMAN'S JOB IS TO BE "NOSEY" ABOUT EVERYTHING —



FIRST, DALGREN OBTAINED A FLOOR PLAN OF THE STUDIO BUILDING — A FIRE-ESCAPE LED UP TO THE TOP FLOOR THROUGH A SMALL COURT — THERE WAS ONE WINDOW GIVING UPON THIS FIRE-ESCAPE — THROUGH WHICH STANWARD'S STUDIO COULD BE SEEN —

THIS MAY BE  
JUST ONE OF  
MY WILD  
HUNCHES--BUT  
I DON'T THINK  
IT IS--

ST

STAIRS

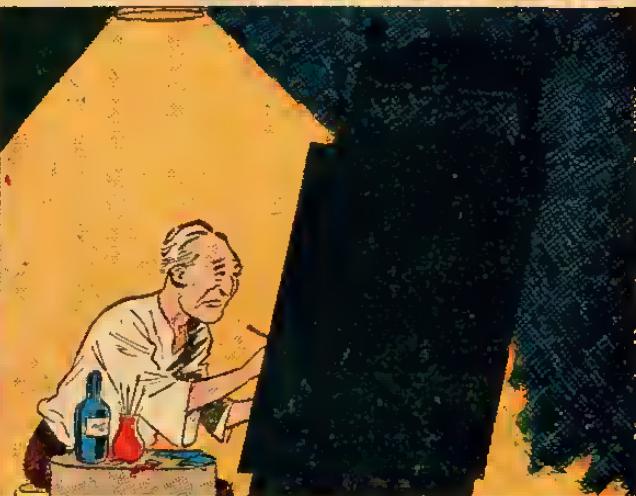
RELEVATOR

NEXT, DALGREN FOUND A CHARWOMAN'S CLOSET ON STANWARD'S FLOOR CONTAINING MOPS, BROOMS, PAILS, ETC.—THE CHARWOMEN DID THEIR CLEANING AT NIGHT—BING ASSIGNED HIMSELF TO WATCH STANWARD'S STUDIO DOOR FROM THIS CLOSET DURING DAYTIME—

FOR THREE DAYS HE MAINTAINED HIS VIGIL AND WAS REWARDED WHEN HE SAW A SMALL, WEAZENED, DISSIPATED, LITTLE OLD MAN EMERGE FROM THE STUDIO DOOR. HE WAS POORLY DRESSED AND MIGHT HAVE BEEN A SERVANT—SEVERAL TIMES, DURING THE DAY THE OLD MAN LEFT AND RETURNED—PROBABLY A CARETAKER, BECAUSE STANWARD HAD MANY VALUABLE PAINTINGS IN THE STUDIO AND THE ARTIST DIDN'T RESIDE THERE



THE NIGHT FOLLOWING HIS DISCOVERY OF THE STRANGE LITTLE MAN, DALGREN WENT TO THE ROOF OF THE STUDIO BUILDING AND DROPPED STEALTHILY TO THE ROOF-ESCAPE WHICH MIGHT OFFER HIM A VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE STUDIO ITSELF—



THERE AN EERIE SIGHT MET HIS EYES—SEATED BEFORE A MASSIVE EASEL WAS THE WEAZENED, LITTLE OLD MAN—A BOTTLE WAS ON A TABLE ON WHICH OIL COLORS WERE LAID OUT—THOUGH DALGREN COULDN'T SEE THE PAINTING, HE OBSERVED WITH WHAT DEFTNESS AND CONFIDENCE THE OLD MAN EXECUTED HIS STROKES—STANWARD WAS NOT PRESENT—WAS THE CARETAKER TRYING TO EMULATE HIS EMPLOYER? IT LOOKED LIKE IT—



NEXT NIGHT DALGREN KEPT ANOTHER VIGIL—THIS TIME HIS DEDUCTIONS BEGAN TO BEAR FRUIT—HE NOTED THAT STANWARD WAS PRESENT AND BERATING THE LITTLE MAN AND CRITICIZING HIS WORK—



WITHOUT MY NAME THESE PAINTINGS WOULDN'T SELL—YOU'VE GOT TO KEEP UP OUR STANDARD OR I'LL PUT YOU OUT ON THE STREET!!

HE TOLD THE OLD MAN THAT THESE PAINTINGS WERE BRINGING LARGE SUMS OF MONEY AND THAT HE (STANWARD) EXPECTED THE BEST OF THE MAN'S TALENTS, OTHERWISE HE WOULD THROW HIM OUT—

WITHOUT ME  
YOU'D STARVE—  
AND GET NO DRINKS  
EITHER—

PLEASE,  
MR. STANWARD,  
DON'T THROW  
ME OUT—  
HAVEN'T I DONE  
EVERYTHING?  
YOU'VE ASKED?

AND THESE PRETTY-GIRL  
PORTRAITS—I'VE GOT TO FIND  
PHOTOS OF THEM SO YOU  
CAN PAINT FROM THEM—  
I'M DOING MY PART—  
YOU'VE GOT TO DO  
YOURS, TIMOTHY—

YES,  
MR.  
STANWARD—

THE LITTLE MAN BEGGED TO BE RETAINED AS HE HAD NO PLACE TO GO—  
STANWARD PULLED THE EASEL AROUND  
SO THAT UNCONSCIOUSLY HE REVEALED  
TO DALGREN OUTSIDE A BEAUTIFUL  
PAINTING—

HE TOLD THE LITTLE MAN IT WAS TROUBLE ENOUGH  
FOR HIM TO GET PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE MODELS,  
HE HAD ENGAGED SO THAT THE OLD MAN COULD  
PAINT THEM AT NIGHT WITHOUT HAVING HIM "BOTCH"  
THEM UP—(AS A MATTER OF FACT, THEY WERE NOT  
"BOTCHED" BECAUSE THE LITTLE MAN POSSESSED THE  
TALENT OF A GREAT ARTIST)

THE ARGUMENT WAS EVIDENTLY FOR THE  
PURPOSE OF KEEPING THE OLD MAN  
SUBDUED AND UNDER THE SPELL OF  
STANWARD—SHOULD THE LITTLE MAN  
EVER LEAVE, STANWARD WOULD BE  
THROUGH—

YES, FOR TWENTY YEARS,  
TIMOTHY, YOU HAVE BEEN  
MY "DISTINGUISHED CAREER"—  
MY ALTER EGO—  
MY HIRED HAND—  
WHAT WOULD I  
HAVE DONE  
WITHOUT YOU,  
MY LITTLE  
TRAMP?

YESSIR,  
MR.  
STANWARD—

FOR TWENTY YEARS THE MAN HAD BEEN WORKING FOR  
STANWARD—IN FACT, SINCE STANWARD BEGAN HIS  
"DISTINGUISHED CAREER"—DALGREN NOW KNEW HE  
HAD A "HOT STORY"—BUT WHO WAS THIS MAN STANWARD  
ADDRESSED AS "TIMOTHY"?—HE'D FIND OUT—

I'M GOING TO  
NURSE THIS  
STORY—I THINK  
I'VE GOT SOME-  
THING—I WONDER  
WHAT THE  
LITTLE GUY'S  
LAST NAME  
IS

THE OLD MAN'S NAME IS  
TIMOTHY KEESE—I THINK  
HE'S SORT OF A BUTLER  
FOR MR.  
STANWARD—

THANKS,  
HERE'S A  
FIVE-SPOT

WHATEVER HIS NAME WAS, THE STORY WOULD  
BE TERRIFIC—INSTINCT WARNED HIM TO HOLD  
IT BECAUSE IT MIGHT DEVELOP INTO A  
BIGGER STORY—AND IT DID—

THIS IS A SIMPLE HINT FOR CHILDREN TO LEARN THE  
LITTLE MAN'S FULL NAME—MAIL FOR EVERYONE IN THE  
BUILDING WAS RECEIVED BY AN ATTENDANT IN THE FOYER—  
SO DALGREN TALKED TO THE ATTENDANT—THE OLD  
MAN'S NAME WAS TIMOTHY KEESE—

I'M TIRED OF IT ALL, STANWARD. I'LL TELL THE WHOLE WORLD WHAT YOU ARE—I'LL TELL EVERYONE WHO HAS DONE ALL THE WORK FOR WHICH YOU'VE TAKEN CREDIT—



ONCE AGAIN DALGREN DROPPED ONTO THE FIRE-ESCAPE—LOOKING THROUGH THE WINDOW HE SAW STANWARD IN A VIOLENT ARGUMENT WITH TIMOTHY KEESE—KEESE HAD BEEN SUPPLIED WITH PLENTY OF BOTTLES—THE LITTLE MAN WAS VERY BELLIGERENT NOW—

CITY DESK?—MARTY THIS IS DALGREN—PHONE ME ANYTIME TONIGHT IF YOU GET ANY HOMICIDE FLASH—YES, ANY HOMICIDE—AND LET ME COVER IT ALONE—GOODBYE—



THE FAMOUS REPORTER, AFTER LISTENING TO THE HEATED DISCUSSION, RETURNED TO HIS APARTMENT AND PHONED THE TIMES-NEWS OFFICE—



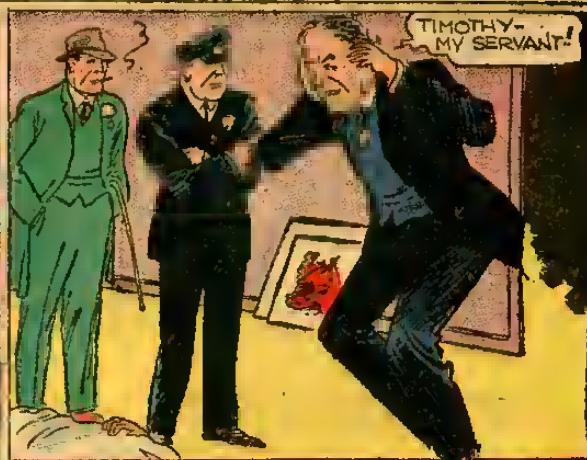
A CLEAR CASE OF THE LITTLE GUY BEING BUMPED OFF, EH, MAC?

SURE, MR. DALGREN—THE BOYS ARE TAKING FINGERPRINTS NOW—WE CAN'T FIND THE GUN—IT WASN'T SUICIDE—

AT 4 O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING THE PHONE CALL CAME—THERE HAD BEEN A MURDER IN A STUDIO BUILDING—AN ELDERLY MAN, THE "SERVANT" OF JOSEPH STANWARD, WAS FOUND DEAD WITH A BULLET THROUGH HIS HEART—IT MIGHT PROVE TO BE A SUICIDE—



BING DALGREN RUSHED TO STANWARD'S STUDIO TO FIND POLICE AND DETECTIVES PRESENT—THE LITTLE OLD MAN WAS LYING ON THE FLOOR AS HE HAD FALLEN—



A FEW MINUTES LATER, STANWARD HIMSELF ARRIVED—HE WAS SHOCKED TO FIND HIS FAITHFUL "SERVANT" DEAD—HE HAD SERVED HIM FOR MANY YEARS—STANWARD WAS SO SHAKEN BY THE TRAGEDY THAT HE WOULD NEVER PAINT AGAIN, HE SAID—

HOWEVER, DALGREN SUSPECTED THE TRUTH—HE KNEW WHAT BOTH THE POLICE AND PUBLIC NEVER DREAMED—JOSEPH STANWARD'S NATIONAL REPUTATION WOULD PROTECT HIM FROM THE SUSPICION THAT HE MIGHT BE IMPLICATED IN THE MURDER OF TIMOTHY KEESE—

DID YOU EVER SEE AN OLD FELLOW NAMED TIMOTHY KEESE AROUND HERE, JOE?



A LITTLE GUY—OH, SURE—HE PLAYS CHESS TWICE A WEEK AT THE CLUB UP-STAIRS—GOOD CHESS PLAYER I HEAR—HE TALKS A LOT ABOUT WHEN HE LIVED ABROAD—OTHERWISE NOBODY SEEMS TO KNOW HIS BUSINESS—WORKS FOR SOME MR. BIG, I UNDERSTAND—

BING QUICKLY CHECKED EVERY RESORT AND SPOT IN THE VICINITY—SOMEONE CERTAINLY MUST BE FAMILIAR WITH THE OLD MAN'S HABITS—YES, A BARMAN KNEW HIM—

UM-TIMOTHY  
KEESE—HERE  
IT IS—BUT NOT  
A WORD ABOUT  
THE "FAMOUS"  
STANDARD—

BUT THIS IS WHAT HE SAW ON ONE OF THE PAGES

KEESE, TIMOTHY: MUNICH SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS; BEAUX ARTS, PARIS; SORBONNE, PARIS; PROFESSOR OF ART, LEIPZIG; MEMBER OF IMPERIAL ACADEMY OF ART, MOSCOW; DISTINGUISHED COLORIST AND TEACHER; PAINTINGS HANGING IN LONDON, PARIS, BERLIN, MUNICH, VIENNA AND BRUSSELS; AWARDED GRANDE PRIX, INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY OF ARTISTS, PARIS, 1908; NOW LIVING IN THE UNITED STATES.

BING NOW KNEW THE ANSWER AND ACTED ACCORDINGLY—AND FAST—

KEESE, OBVIOUSLY WAS A MAN OF BRAINS—AND HE HAD ONCE LIVED ABROAD—DALGREN HURRIED TO A PUBLIC LIBRARY— THERE HE LOCATED A VOLUME DEVOTED TO FAMOUS ARTISTS—STANDARD'S NAME WAS NOT AMONG THEM—

WHAT DOES THIS  
MEAN, GENTLEMEN?

IT MEANS WE'VE  
GOT A WARRANT  
FOR YOUR ARREST  
FOR MURDER—

CHIEF, I'VE  
FOUND THE  
KEESE KILLER—HIS  
NAME IS JOSEPH STANWARD—  
GET THE STORY  
READY—

BE CAREFUL, BING,  
YOU'RE PLAYING  
WITH DYNAMITE  
WITH STANWARD—  
I'LL SET THE  
STORY UP, HOW-  
EVER, JUST IN  
CASE—

TIMOTHY KEESE COULD HAVE HAD NO ENEMIES—ONLY ONE, PERHAPS—BING KNEW WHO IT MIGHT BE—KEESE HAD THREATENED TO EXPOSE STANWARD—DALGREN ASKED HIS MANAGING EDITOR TO GET THE STORY OF STANWARD READY FOR THE PRESS—

WITH THAT, DALGREN NOTIFIED THE POLICE TO BRING JOSEPH STANWARD TO HEADQUARTERS—

I ACCUSE THIS MAN  
OF KILLING TIMOTHY  
KEESE—

CONFRONTING THE SMOOTH STANWARD AND WITH DRAMATIC Suddenness, BING DALGREN CHARGED JOSEPH STANWARD WITH THE MURDER OF TIMOTHY KEESE—

ONCE  
MORE BING  
DALGREN  
SCOOPED  
THE TOWN

ALL NAMES AND CHARACTERS  
IN THIS STORY ARE FICTIONAL



AFTER A SENSATIONAL TRIAL JOSEPH STANWARD, THE CROOK, WAS CONVICTED OF MANSLAUGHTER, AND SENT TO PRISON FOR "TWENTY YEARS TO LIFE"—

THORNTON FISHER



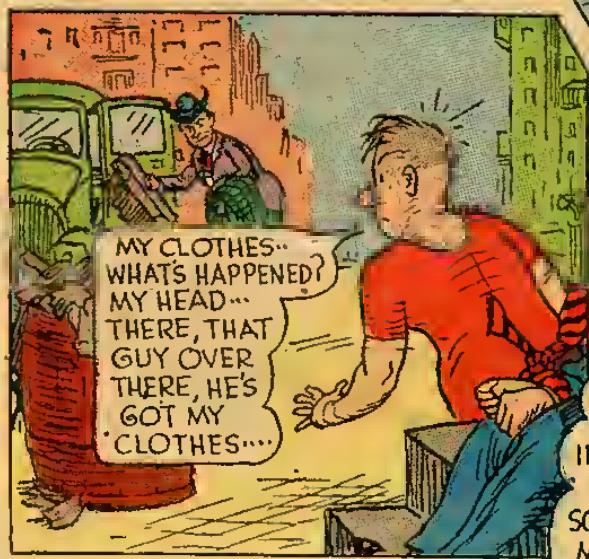
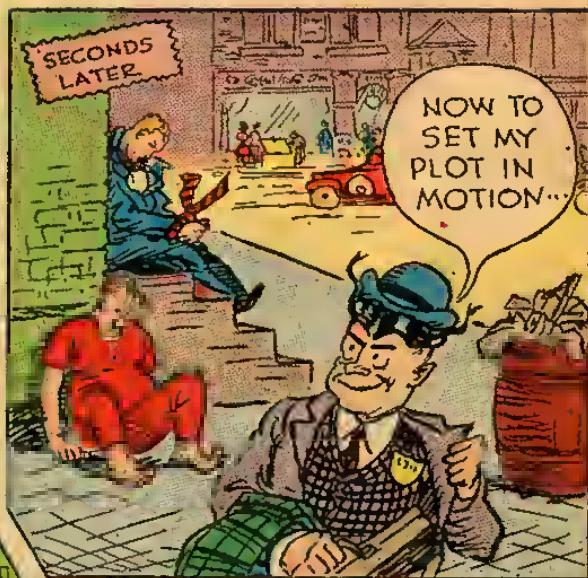
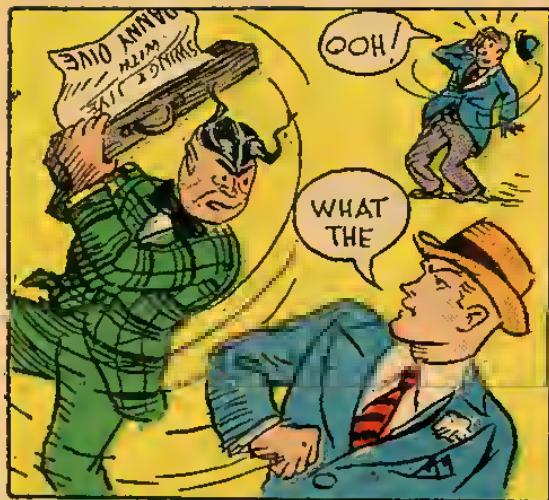
## FLATTY FOOT in "OUT OF THIS WORLD!"

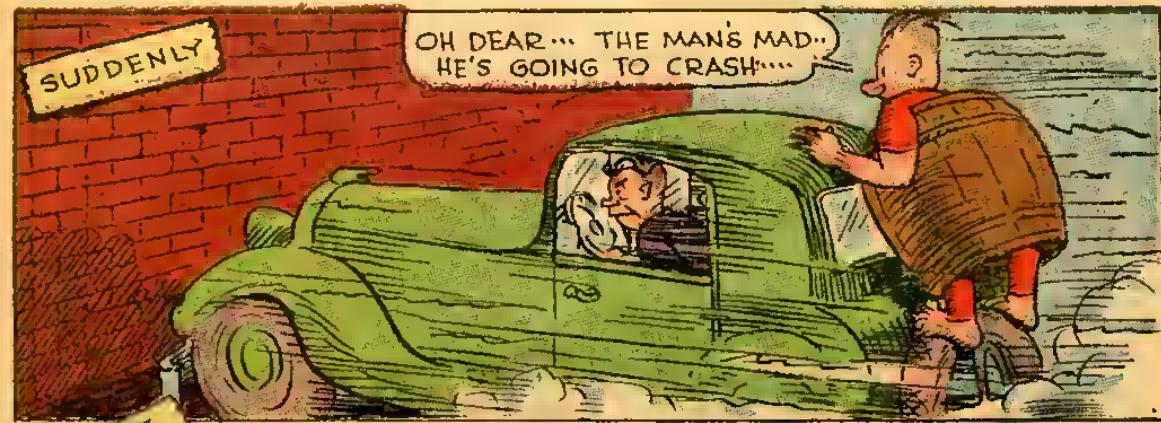


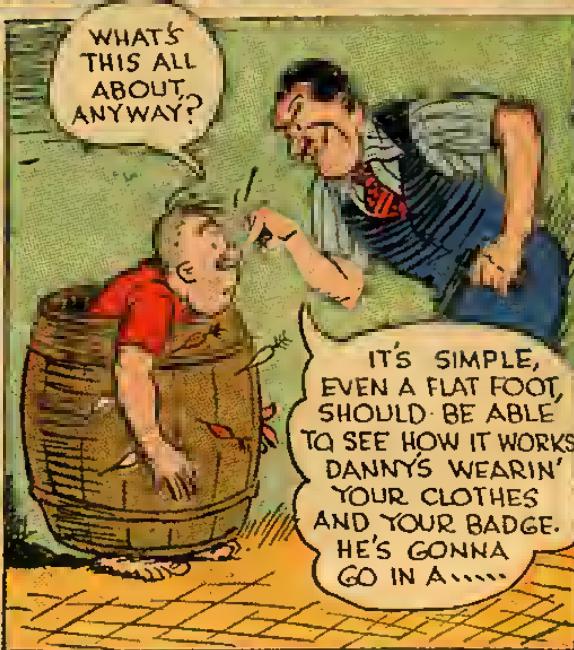
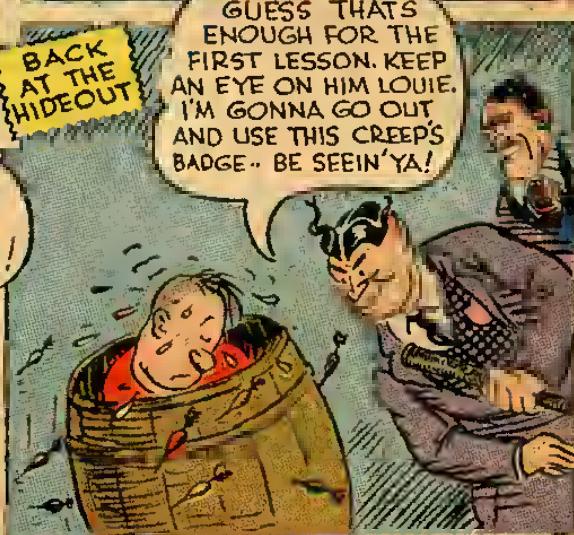
BAH...SWING AND JIVE  
WITH DANNY DIVE! NEVER  
HEARD  
ANYTHING  
SO ABSURD!

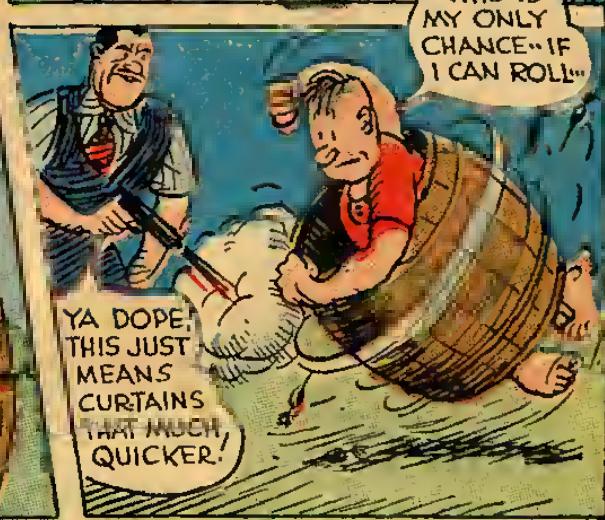
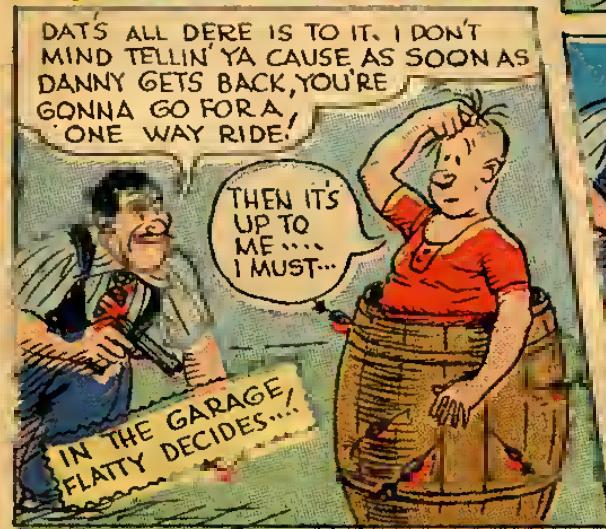
FLATTY COULD  
TAKE SWING  
MUSIC OR LET  
IT ALONE. THAT  
IS, UNTIL THE DAY  
THAT DANNY DIVE  
WENT AFTER HIM  
FOR NO GOOD  
PURPOSE. YOU  
MAY BE SURE. IT  
WAS RIGHT AFTER  
THE POLICEMAN'S  
BALL...THAT....

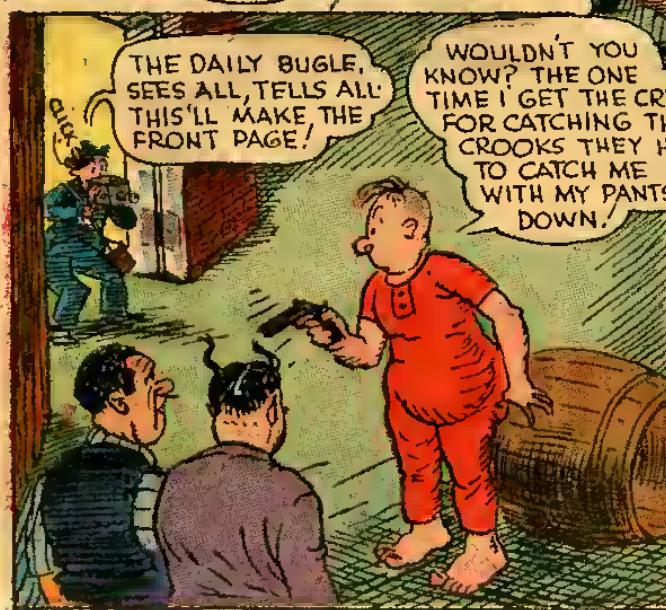












# DEWEY OF MANILA

WE DID IT BEFORE ---

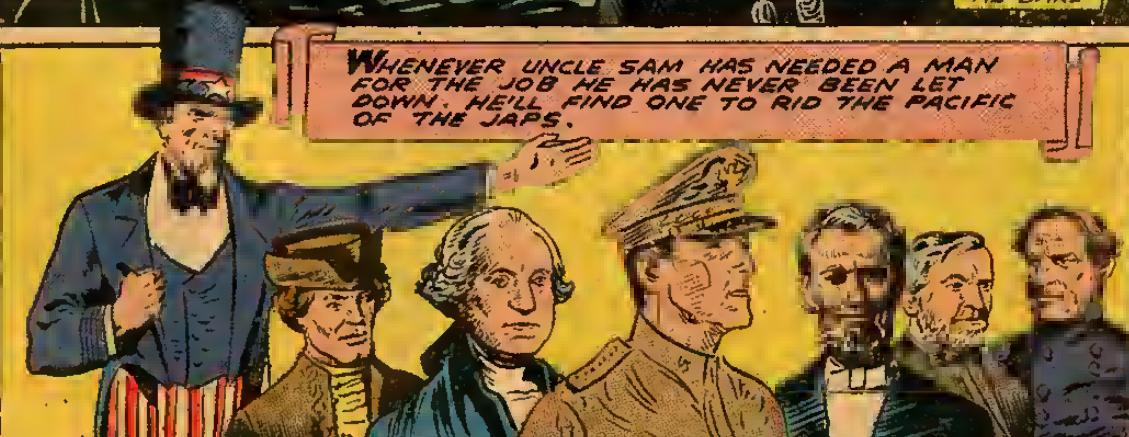


YOU MAY FIRE  
WHEN YOU ARE  
READY, GRIDLEY.



---AND WE DID IT AGAIN!

ILLUSTRATED  
BY  
AL BARE



WHENEVER UNCLE SAM HAS NEEDED A MAN  
FOR THE JOB HE HAS NEVER BEEN LET  
DOWN. HE'LL FIND ONE TO RID THE PACIFIC  
OF THE JAPS.

THE YOUNG, VIGOROUS LAD,  
BORN IN THE VERMONT HILLS,  
WAS ALWAYS READY TO TAKE  
A CHANCE.

GO ON,  
GID-DAP!  
WE'LL MAKE  
IT!



HE LIKED TO DO THINGS THAT  
OTHERS WOULDN'T DARE.

THE DARNED LITTLE  
POOL WILL BREAK  
HIS NECK. WHO  
IS HE?

GEORGE  
DEWEY.

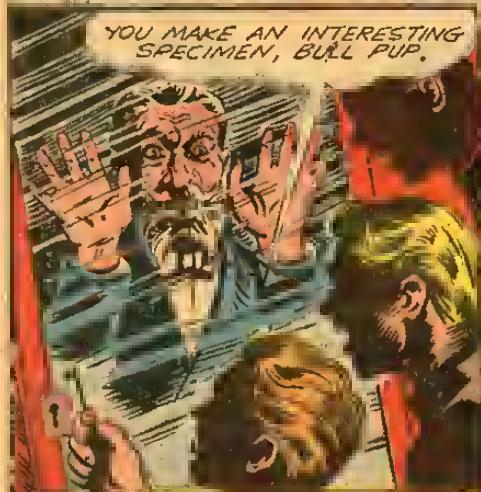


LIKE MOST AMERICAN BOYS, DEWEY  
LIKED APPLES AND TOOK THEM WHERE  
THEY GREW. THEIR TEACHER GOT  
INSIDE A BARREL TO SPY ON THEM.

HI-YI-YIPPI.  
THERE HE GOES.

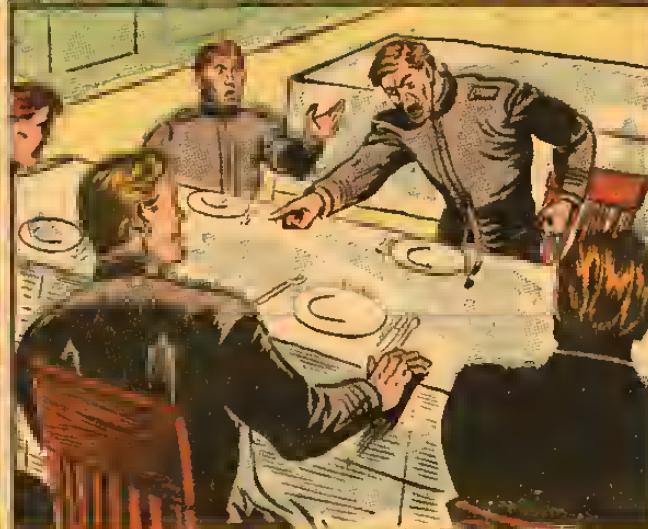


YOU MAKE AN INTERESTING  
SPECIMEN, BULL PUP.



DEWEY'S LOVE OF PRANKS  
FOLLOWED HIM TO THE NAVAL  
ACADEMY AT ANNAPOLIS. THE  
CADETS PUT A DISLIKED  
INSTRUCTOR IN A GLASS CASE.

CADET GOT CARELESS AND CALLED  
THE LAD FROM VERMONT A VILE NAME  
WHICH DEWEY WOULDN'T TAKE NO  
MATTER WHAT SIZE HE WAS.





DEWEY QUICKLY SHOWED HIM HIS MISTAKE. WHEN CALLED UP FOR DISCIPLINE, THE COMMANDANT TOLD THE WHIPPED BOY HE GOT JUST WHAT HE DESERVED.

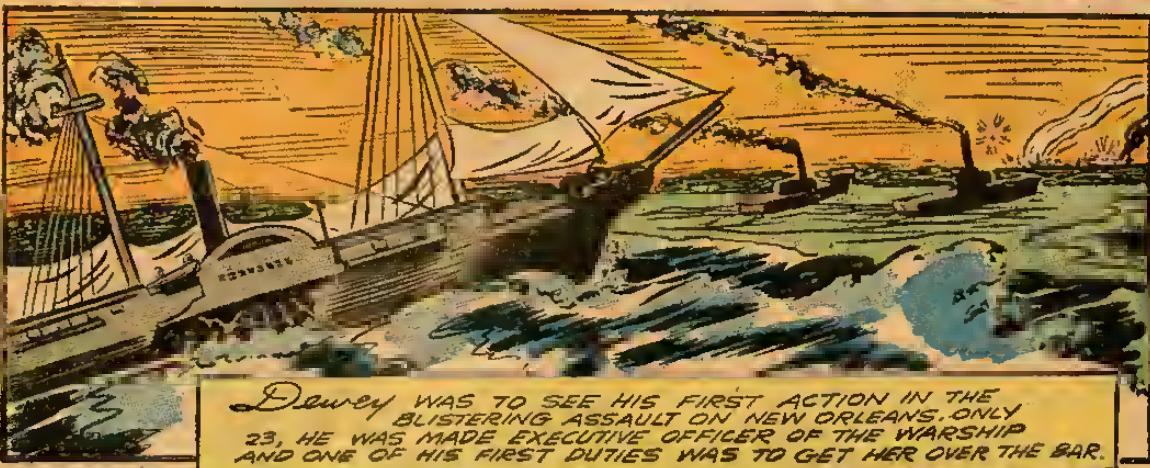


GEORGE DEWEY, LITTLE KNOWN TO THE COUNTRY BEFORE MANILA, STOOD 33<sup>rd</sup> IN HIS CLASS AT THE END OF THE FIRST YEAR, FIFTH ON GRADUATION IN 1858 AND THIRD ON HIS RETURN FROM THE MIDSHIPMAN'S CRUISE. HE WAS THE FIRST GRADUATE OF THE NAVAL ACADEMY TO BECOME AN ADMIRAL.



ON DEWEY'S MIDSHIPMAN CRUISE HE WAS CHOSEN AS AIDE TO THE FLAG OFFICER WHEN OTHER POWERS WANTED THE AMERICAN WARSHIP, THE WABASH, TO LEAVE THE BOSPHORUS.

ON MAY 10, 1861, DEWEY WAS ASSIGNED TO THE SIDE-WHEELER MISSISSIPPI WHICH WAS SENT TO BLOCKADE THE GULF OF MEXICO AT THE BEGINNING OF THE CIVIL WAR.



Dewey was to see his first action in the blistering assault on New Orleans. Only 23, he was made executive officer of the warship and one of his first duties was to get her over the bar.

OFFICERS OF HIGHER RANK COMPLAINED THAT YOUNG DEWEY WAS GIVEN THE IMPORTANT POST AHEAD OF THEM. CAPT. SMITH TOOK THE MATTER UP WITH ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.

DEWEY IS DOING FINE WORK.  
I WANT TO KEEP HIM.

THEN WE WILL LET HIM STAY WHERE HE IS.

AFTER CAREFUL PREPARATION, FARRAGUT WAS READY TO ATTACK. THE SIGNAL WAS TWO RED LIGHTS AT THE PEAK OF THE HARTFORD.

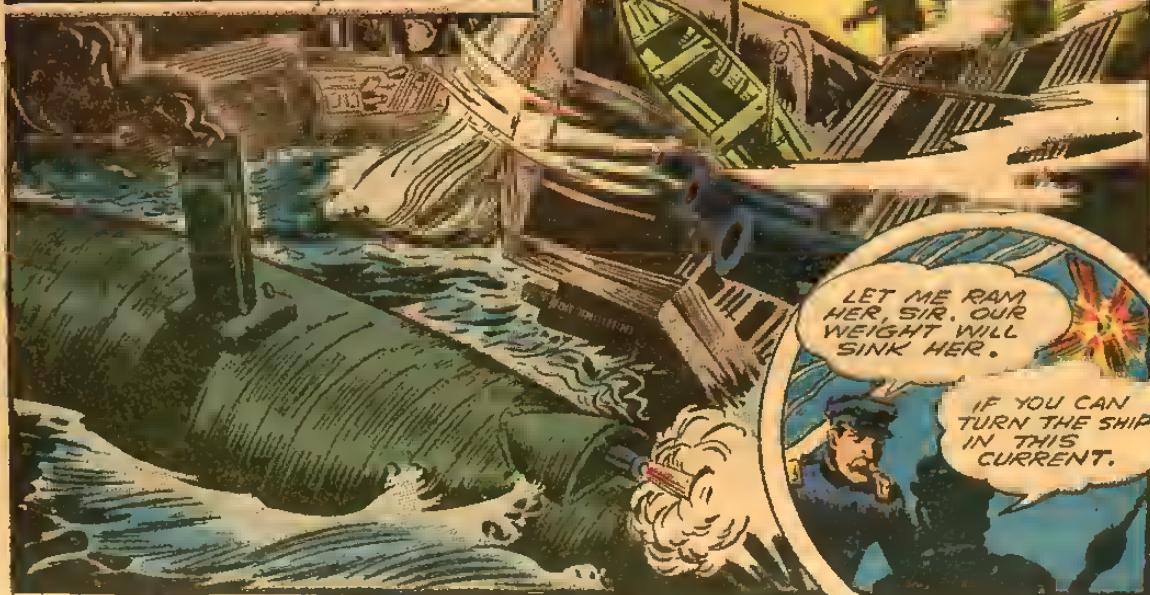


IN ADDITION TO THE GUNS OF THE TWO FORTS THERE WERE THE FIRE RAFTS AND THE DREAD IRONCLAD RAMS.

LOOK! THERE'S THE MANASSA!  
SHE IS GOING TO RAM US

TRIP THE ANCHOR,  
STEAM AHEAD!

STARBOARD  
THE HELM!



DEWEY'S QUICK ACTION SAVES THE WARSHIP FROM DESTRUCTION, BUT THE POWERFUL RAM STRUCK HER JUST THE SAME.

IT'S BAD BUT IT WON'T SINK US. CALL THE CAPTAIN.

LET ME RAM HER, SIR. OUR WEIGHT WILL SINK HER.

IF YOU CAN TURN THE SHIP IN THIS CURRENT.

IT SEEMED AN IMPOSSIBLE THING TO DO IN THE SWIFT CURRENT AND UNDER THE CONSTANT SHELLING OF THE FORTS, BUT GEORGE DEWEY DID IT.

STRAIGHT ON! FULL STEAM AHEAD.

SMALLER AND EASIER TO HANDLE, THE DREADED RAM SHEERED OFF, BUT THE GUNS OF THE MISSISSIPPI, AND DEWEY'S HANDLING OF THE SHIP, DROVE THE MANASSA ASHORE.

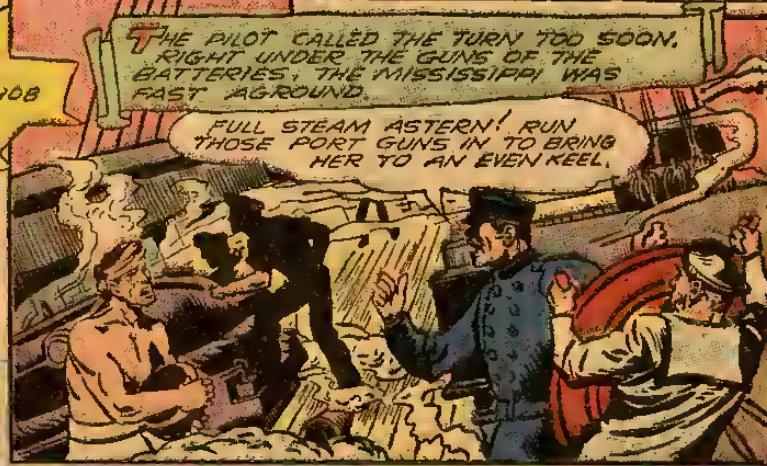
SHE'S FINISHED, SIR.

GOOD WORK, DEWEY.

A YEAR LATER DEWEY, STILL EXECUTIVE OFFICER OF THE MISSISSIPPI, SENT HER AGAINST THE GUNS OF PORT HUDSON, A TOUGHER JOB THAN NEW ORLEANS. FARRAGUT ALONE GOT PAST THE DRAFT OF DEWEY'S SHIP PREVENTED HIS GETTING THROUGH!

THE PILOT CALLED THE TURN TOO SOON, RIGHT UNDER THE GUNS OF THE BATTERIES, THE MISSISSIPPI WAS FAST AGROUND.

FULL STEAM ASTERN! RUN THOSE PORT GUNS IN TO BRING HER TO AN EVEN KEEL.



**D**EWNEY HASTENS OVER THE SHIP TO CARRY OUT THE CAPTAIN'S ORDERS.

SHE CAN'T LAST  
MEN, FIRE THAT, THEN  
ABANDON SHIP.



**R**EGARDLESS OF SHELLS BURSTING AROUND HIM, DEWEY SEES THAT THE WOUNDED ARE TAKEN OFF FIRST.

STEADY, BELOW  
THERE, EASY  
WITH THESE  
MEN.



AS A BOY, DEWEY WAS ONE OF THE BEST SWIMMERS IN HIS HOME TOWN. WITHOUT HESITATION, HE GOES OVERBOARD TO SAVE A DROWNING MAN.



**W**HEN THE CREWS REACHED SAFETY, THEY HAD NO DESIRE TO GO BACK INTO THE INFERNO OF SHELLS TO GET THEIR COMRADES.

FOUR OF YOU  
GET INTO THAT  
BOAT WITH ME.  
WE'VE GOT TO  
GET THE  
REST.



NEITHER DEWEY NOR CAPT. SMITH WOULD LEAVE BEFORE SEARCHING FOR ANYONE LIVING.

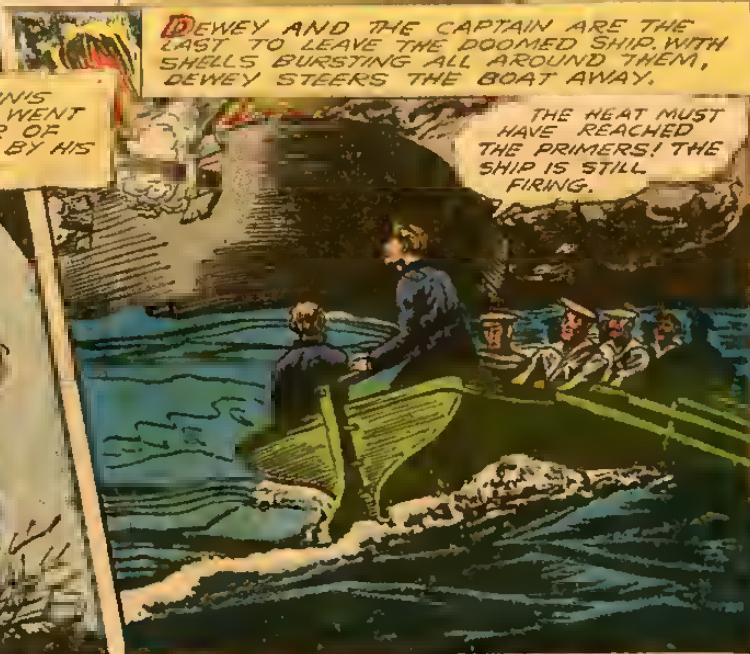
WE MUSTN'T LEAVE  
ONE ALIVE ON BOARD.  
HELP ME WITH THIS  
BOY, CAPTAIN.

THEN YOU MUST  
SEE THAT THE  
SHIP IS REALLY  
AFIRE, DEWEY.  
WE WILL NOT  
SURRENDER  
HER.



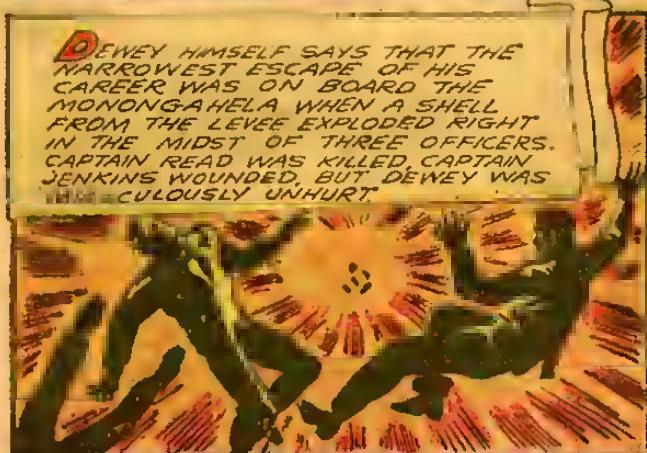


TO CARRY OUT HIS CAPTAIN'S ORDERS, YOUNG DEWEY WENT ALONG INTO THE INTERIOR OF THE SHIP AND SET FIRES BY HIS OWN HAND.



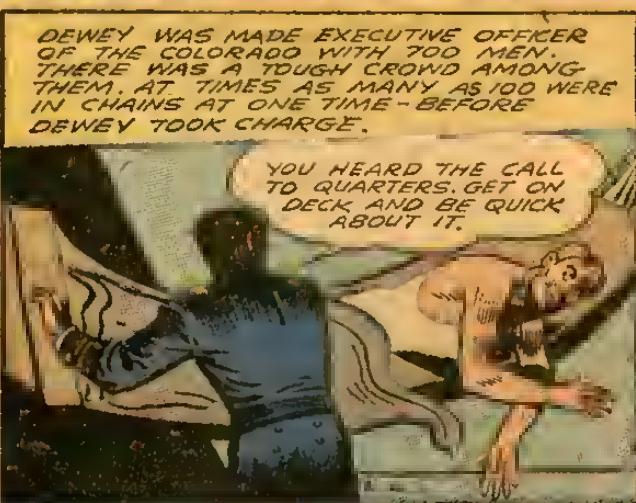
DEWEY AND THE CAPTAIN ARE THE LAST TO LEAVE THE DOOMED SHIP. WITH SHELLS BURSTING ALL AROUND THEM, DEWEY STEERS THE BOAT AWAY.

THE HEAT MUST HAVE REACHED THE PRIMERS! THE SHIP IS STILL FIRING.



DEWEY HIMSELF SAYS THAT THE NARROWEST ESCAPE OF HIS CAREER WAS ON BOARD THE MONONGAHELA WHEN A SHELL FROM THE LEVEE EXPLODED RIGHT IN THE MIDST OF THREE OFFICERS. CAPTAIN READ WAS KILLED, CAPTAIN JENKINS WOUNDED, BUT DEWEY WAS CULOUSLY UNHURT.

THE RING LEADER OF THE TROUBLE WAS A GIANT OF A MAN, SIX FEET, SIX INCHES TALL, WHO HAD BROKEN HIS CHAINS AND LOUDLY THREATENED TO KILL ANYONE WHO CAME NEAR HIM. YOUNG DEWEY CAME - AND THE INSUBORDINATION WAS KILLED.



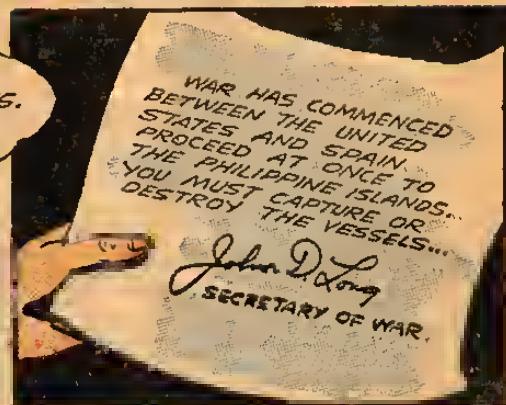
DEWEY WAS MADE EXECUTIVE OFFICER OF THE COLORADO WITH 700 MEN. THERE WAS A TOUGH CROWD AMONG THEM. AT TIMES AS MANY AS 100 WERE IN CHAINS AT ONE TIME - BEFORE DEWEY TOOK CHARGE.

THE TROUBLE WITH SPAIN WAS RUSHING TOWARD WAR. DEWEY WAS AT HONG KONG IN COMMAND OF THE ASIATIC SQUADRON AND THE MILITARY AUTHORITIES GAVE HIS SMALL COMMAND NO CHANCES AT ALL.

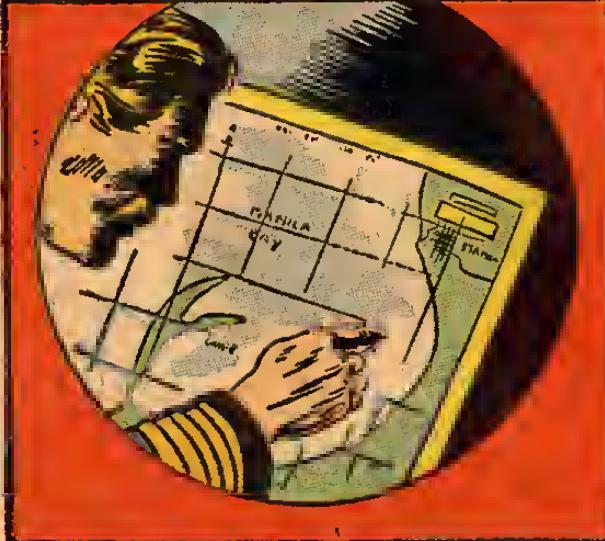
MANILA IS IMPREGNABLE WITH ITS FORTS AND THE SPANISH FLEET.

THE AMERICANS ARE FINE FELLOWS. TOO BAD WE'LL NEVER SEE THEM AGAIN.

COMMODORE DEWEY GETS THE NEWS.



THE LATEST AMERICAN INFORMATION ON THE PHILIPPINES WAS DATED 1876. DEWEY, LIKE FARRAGUT BEFORE HIM, WAS CAREFUL IN HIS PREPARATIONS, THEN STRUCK LIKE LIGHTNING. THEY ORIGINATED THE "BLITZKRIEG."



ANCHORS AWEIGH.



THAT IS CORREGIDOR. IT IS STRONG AS GIBRALTAR.

DEWEY AND HIS STAFF EXPECTED THAT THE SPANISH FLEET WOULD BE IN SUBIG BAY, BUT FINDING THEY WERE NOT THERE, DEWEY ORDERED THE SQUADRON ON TO MANILA BAY WHICH THEY ENTERED AT NIGHT.



THEY STEAMED THROUGH THE NIGHT, SLOWING THEIR SPEED SO AS TO COME UPON THE ENEMY AT DAYLIGHT. KNOWING THE STRENGTH OF THE MANILA FORTS, THEY LOOKED FOR THE SPANIARDS THERE, BUT WERE AGAIN DISAPPOINTED.

DEWEY LED HIS SQUADRON TOWARD THE SPANISH WARSHIPS AS SOON AS THEY WERE SIGHTED. THE MANILA BATTERIES OPENED FIRE ON THEM, MINES WERE EXPLODED BEFORE THEM AND THE GUNS AT CAVITE OPENED UP. THE AMERICANS ANSWERED ONLY WITH SECONDARY GUNS AGAINST ATTACKING TORPEDO LAUNCHES.

THERE'S THE ENEMY, SIR, BEFORE CAVITE.

NOW WE HAVE THEM.

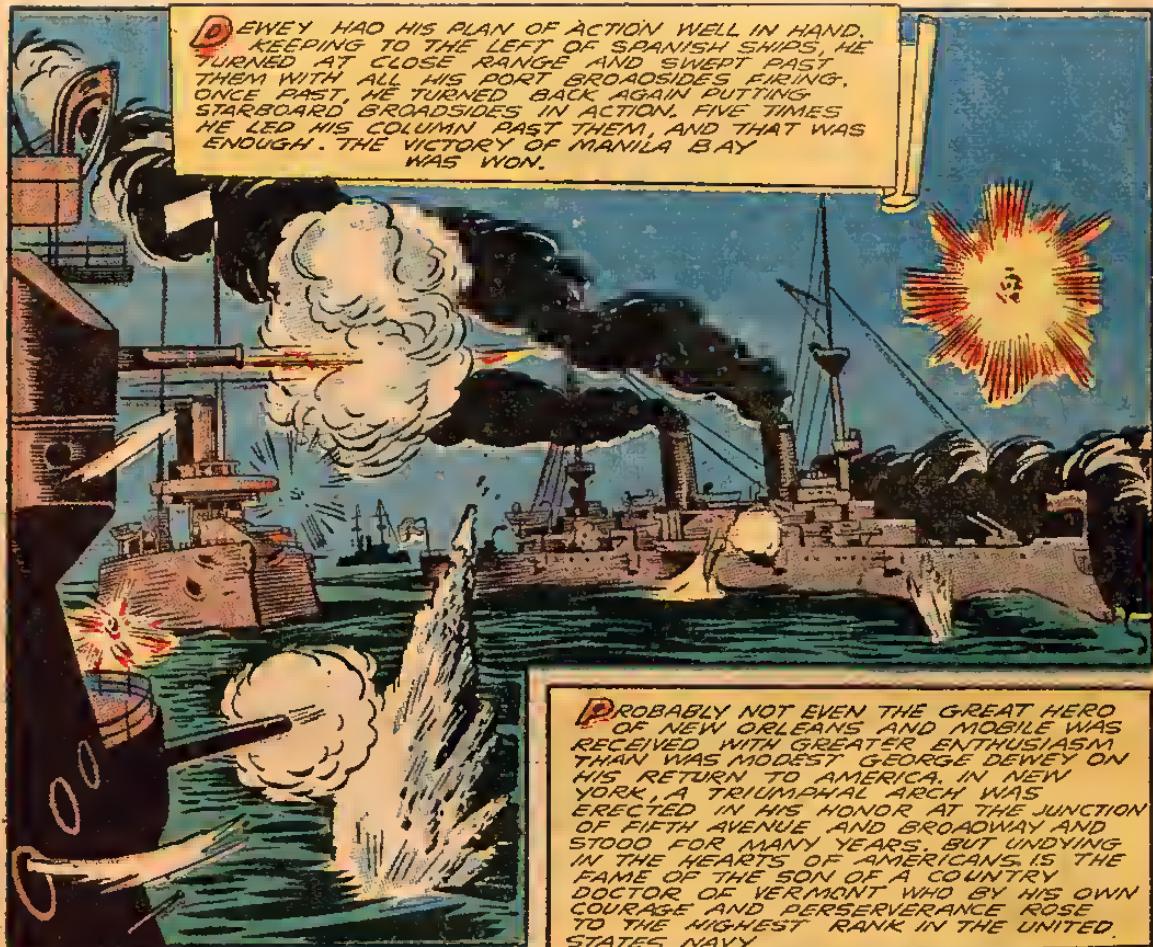
WE WILL HOLD OUR FIRE UNTIL WE ARE CLOSE.

STEADILY THE LINE OF AMERICAN SHIPS PLOUGHED ON. THE OLYMPIA LED WITH THE FIVE OTHERS FOLLOWING TWO HUNDRED YARDS APART IN A SINGLE LINE. THE AMMUNITION WAS LIMITED AND DEWEY COOLLY WAITED. FINALLY HE TURNED

TO THE CAPTAIN OF THE OLYMPIA-

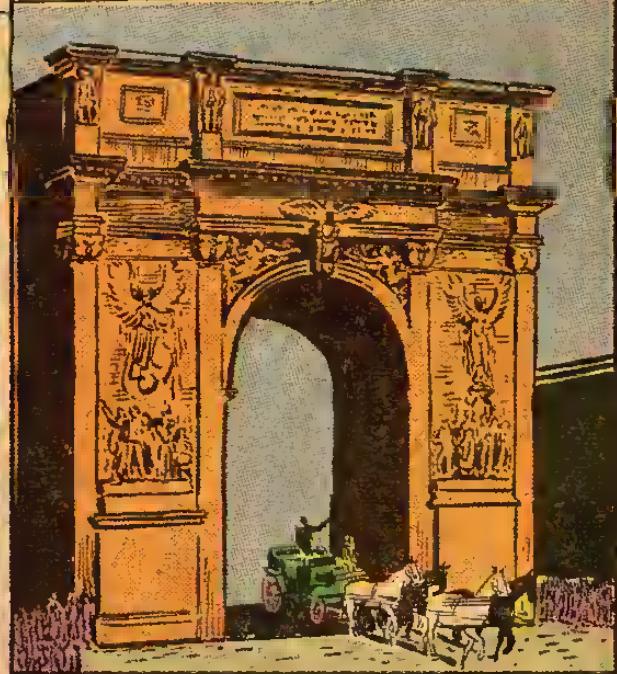
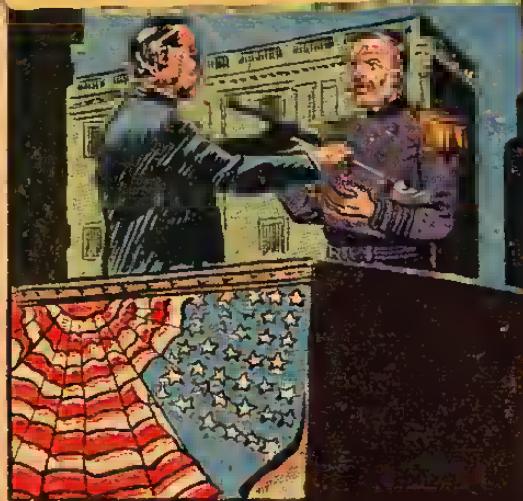
YOU MAY FIRE WHEN YOU ARE READY, GRIDLEY!

**D**EWY HAD HIS PLAN OF ACTION WELL IN HAND. KEEPING TO THE LEFT OF SPANISH SHIPS, HE TURNED AT CLOSE RANGE AND SWEEPED PAST THEM WITH ALL HIS PORT BROADSIDES FIRING. ONCE PAST, HE TURNED BACK AGAIN PUTTING STARBOARD BROADSIDES IN ACTION. FIVE TIMES HE LED HIS COLUMN PAST THEM, AND THAT WAS ENOUGH. THE VICTORY OF MANILA BAY WAS WON.



**P**ROBABLY NOT EVEN THE GREAT HERO OF NEW ORLEANS AND MOBILE WAS RECEIVED WITH GREATER ENTHUSIASM THAN WAS MODEST GEORGE DEWEY ON HIS RETURN TO AMERICA. IN NEW YORK, A TRIUMPHAL ARCH WAS ERECTED IN HIS HONOR AT THE JUNCTION OF FIFTH AVENUE AND BROADWAY AND STOOD FOR MANY YEARS. BUT UNDYING IN THE HEARTS OF AMERICANS IS THE FAME OF THE SON OF A COUNTRY DOCTOR OF VERMONT WHO BY HIS OWN COURAGE AND PERSEVERANCE ROSE TO THE HIGHEST RANK IN THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

**I**N 1899, GEORGE DEWEY WAS PROMOTED TO THE RANK OF ADMIRAL FOLLOWING THE FOOT-STEPES OF HIS HERO, DAVID FARRAGUT, AND DAVID DIXON PORTER. CONGRESS VOTED HIM A SWORD OF HONOR WHICH PRESIDENT MCKINLEY PRESENTED TO HIM.





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GIANTS  
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Fire Chief  
Pony  
Monkey  
Rider  
Monkeys  
Monkeys  
and Dog  
Flower  
Clown and  
Dress  
Clown and  
Flute  
Tinker Omen  
Lemonade  
Stand  
Fruit Stand  
Balloon  
ACCES-  
SORIES  
Flower Tubs  
Flowers  
Ammunition  
Fing

Handtruck  
Rider  
Cowboy  
Pimpin  
Giant-man  
Rider  
Lady Rider  
Thief  
Biker  
Zebra  
Elephant  
Teeth  
Pony  
Monkey  
Rider  
Monkeys  
Monkeys  
and Dog  
Flower  
Clown and  
Dress  
Clown and  
Flute  
Tinker Omen  
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